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kindly; and Louise well knew his words would govern his ways. It devolved upon her to devise some ways and means for a meeting and reconciliation. Uncle Jacob must be enticed, by some art, to that home on the Hudson where Louise had been born, where her mother had died, and where the boy Jacob first saw the light, two years before. Alas! the occasion was not long in offering.

Uncle Jacob paid a visit to his up-river place every few days. He took the ill-fated steamer, Henry Clay on the day of disaster, and was on board when the fearful disaster occurred. It happened that the steamer was not a mile distant from the spot where the house of Louise stood. At the moment of disaster, Lefranc was out on the hill sketching elms, and rushed to the scene to offer what aid was possible to the drowning and burning passengers. Fearless as a lion, he was in the water in a moment, dragging to the shore the half-drowning victims of that horrible sacrifice. Swimming with a woman and child in his arms, he was seized by an old man, whose head already was sinking below the water, and it was in vain he struggled to release himself from the death-like grasp. The four would have gone down together had not a strong arm relieved him of the woman and child. Then, lifting the old man up before him, he pushed his way to shore, and dragged out old Uncle Jacob! Louise and Valine were already there, and together they soon brought the half-strangled man to his senses. Lefranc continued his exertions in the water, and rescued many who yet live to bless him. Uncle Jacob sat up in a moment, beholding the fearful scene. His eyes followed Lefranc and Louise, who waded far out into the stream, to receive the precious burthens which her husband brought to the beach. Ere long, the last victim, struggling for life, was rescued, though many had ceased from their struggles, beneath the blue and treacherous waters. Ah! it was a melancholy sight, indeed, to look upon that scene. No words may paint its horrors, its agonies, its prayers, its tears of thankfulness, its shriek of woe, its meetings and its partings. Angels of mercy, indeed, were those whose arms came to the rescue—whose care caught the spark of life as it was just ready to go out, and blew it into full life again.

Uncle Jacob saw all this, and wept like a child. When all was over, he submitted

to be led by Louise and Valine, up the beach and over the lawn to the house. As he approached the door he stopped, and said: "Louise, I shall never enter this home of yours until I have your forgiveness and Lefranc's, for the wrong I have so long done him: may God bless him as he deserves."

Lefranc was not there to hear these words, for he was still among the most tireless in his efforts to gather the dead bodies from the deep. Long after, when he did come in, it was to find the old man sweetly asleep in the family room, and little Jacob nestled down by his side.

Need we say that the house on the Avenue was closed—that Uncle Jacob gave up his old haunts "down town," and quartered himself at the cottage with Lefranc? So it came to pass, and to this day that family circle is unbroken—happy as it is vouchsafed that any on this earth shall be. Two other children have been added to the idols of the hearth-stone—two loving, spirituelle girls.

A picture at the Academy Exhibition, of an old man and three little ones, told not more of the skill of the artist who once stole the miniature of Louise, than of the touching tenderness and love which bound the old and the young together.

THE POE MONUMENT.



N several numbers of this Journal, we have agitated the question of a monument to cover the remains of the late EDGAR ALLAN POE, which it was proposed to remove from Baltimore to Laurel Hill Cemetery, Philadelphia. The responses to our propositions have been numerous—some well-timed and some otherwise, though we failed not to discover the great hold which the deceased poet and critic has upon American minds by the general sympathy expressed in his behalf. The plan of action was to submit the whole to a committee named, who were to give the "Monument Association" shape, and open the way for active operations in the matter; and the announcement was to be made, in this present number of the Journal, of the steps taken.

We have now to say, that all efforts in the direction proposed are forestalled by the relatives of the poet; who, it is understood, have erected a stone over his remains—thus signifying the wish that they should remain in their present burial place.

There is, therefore, no propriety in further action, at present, and we may consider the question of the removal of the remains and the erection of a monument as withdrawn from the public. What we have done in the matter was from patriotic motives, as, we are conscious, was the case with those of our correspondents who took an active interest in the movement; and we can but express regret that it was not permitted the proposed steps to be taken. But, since it is decreed otherwise, it is not for us to question or demur; and we can only say, that, if in future it shall be decided upon to give the poet a resting-place in Laurel Hill, and to erect a proper monument to his memory, we shall most cheerfully lend our sympathy and aid in the matter.

Many quotations in familiar use are accredited to very wrong sources—Shakspeare generally getting the lion's share of the credit. A greater familiarity with the Bible, would, in many instances, save the necessity of looking to other sources for the authorship of very many of these commonly used phrases. Thus: "Peace, peace, when there is no peace!" is supposed to be original with Patrick Henry, but it will be found in Jeremiah 8: 11. "Escaped by the skin of his teeth" is in Job 19: 20. "Spreading himself like a green bay tree," Psalms 37: 35. "Hanged our harps on the willows," Ps. 137: 2. "Riches make" (not take) "themselves wings," Proverbs 22: 5. "No new thing under the sun," Ecclesiasties 1: 9. "A still small voice," I Kings 19: 12. "Death in the pot," II Kings 4: 40. "A man after his own heart," I Samuel 19: 14. "A little bird told me," Ecclesiastes 10: 20. &c.

Artists complain of the high price of carmine, but do not fail to go into raptures over a "subject" whose cheeks all rouged may have monopolised the market and caused the rise in color. Circumstances alter cases.